

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization. It is published daily, except on Sunday and public holidays, at the office of the State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

The concrete building may not be so perfect after all, since one collapsed in California yesterday.

Why is it that 3,000 plurality for Hoch is almost a defeat, while 3,000 plurality for Harris would have been a great victory?

The fear of that Quantrell raid reunion is probably what gave Governor Hoch that magnificent victory in Douglas county.

The president doesn't intend that Taft and Root shall have all the pleasant little excursions south. Hence, this Panama trip.

The Lawrence Journal says: "Governor Hoch extensively had little opposition." Let's see. Where have we heard that word "opposition" before?

A party of Texas Rangers was attacked by Mexicans down on the Rio Grande, but it was the attacking party that suffered. It doesn't pay to go up against Texas Rangers.

Tully Scott, the quondam Kansas Democrat, ran for state senator at Cripple Creek, Colo., was elected by a big majority. His district includes Teller, Fremont and Pueblo counties.

Mayor Goodlander, of Fort Scott, has got busy and is closing the joints as a result of the election. Let the good work go on. Who will be the next official to seek the law-enforcement mourner's bench.

The official returns indicate that Sheffield Ingalls was elected representative in Atchison county by a plurality of five. Still, five plurality is as good as five hundred as long as it clinches the job and a vote for United States senator.

Frank Jarrell declines to sympathize with Anna Gould, who is suing her disreputable French husband for a divorce. "She knew what he was when she married him," says Mr. Jarrell, "but he had a little, and that was all she cared for. Gambler, drunkard, libertine, brute—all these were overcome by the title!"

The largest plurality given any candidate in Jackson county was that of Representative Pomeroy. He received 761, while Governor Hoch carried the county by only 78. Pomeroy refused to endorse the Square Deal questions entirely, but he was known to be for J. L. Bristow for United States senator, and Jackson county voted accordingly.

One of the most important appointments which Governor Hoch has to make is that of state railroad attorney. No other official under the governor's control is so fraught with interest to the people. Carr Taylor, the present incumbent, has put up a good fight for lower freight rates, and he has won the admiration of thousands of people. Will Governor Hoch reappoint him? Or can the governor find a stronger man?

The commission plan of governing a city is undoubtedly a good one—if you get good commissioners who will look after their work. A city council can govern a city efficiently if its members give enough attention to it, but few capable business men can afford to neglect their own business to do that. And when the city's business is neglected by those in authority, those with axes to grind get busy. A number of Texas cities have found it easier to get a small commission that will give its time to running the city properly and honestly, than it is to secure a city council of a dozen or twenty members who will do it.

It seems to have been a bad year for party leaders to save their own counties. Senator Long's county, Governor Hoch's county, Charlie Curtis's county, Mort Albaugh's county, Joe Bristow's county, Senator Benzon's, and Henry Allen's county, ex-Governor Bailey's county, Vic Murdock's county, Ed Madison's county, and others too numerous to mention, gave majorities for Harris, but your Uncle Cyrus Leland's county bobs up with a big Hoch majority. The Democrats have no reason to crow, however, for Colonel Harris' county, Chairman Ryan's county, Pat Gorman's county, Hugh Ahlborn's county, Jim Morphy's county, Hugh Farrelly's county, Harry Brown's county, and a host of others gave plurality for Hoch, with Billy Pepper's county still in doubt.

Governor Hoch undoubtedly spoke hastily when he intimated that Shawnee county's failure to give him a majority in the recent election would

work against the interests of the semi-centennial project the coming winter. It is difficult to believe that a broad-minded man like Governor Hoch could use his influence in a spirit of revenge in a case of that kind. Very likely the governor was vexed at the action of Topeka and Shawnee county, but after his first disappointment wears off he will doubtless regret the seeming intent of his remark that Shawnee's Democratic majority would do the semi-centennial no good. Such a sentiment as that might perhaps be expected from some narrow-minded, two-by-four rural politician, but the State Journal can scarcely believe it of Governor Hoch.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.—John 10:16.

Did you read the story of Ensign Oman in the State Journal a few days ago? Ensign Oman, you know, is the young German who every evening holds a meeting on the streets of Topeka under the Salvation Army banner, in which he tries to arouse an interest in a better life in the careless crowds that are coming and going. And having held his street meeting, he and his followers march to the Little Salvation Army hall down on Fifth street and there he makes a short address, offers a prayer, and his helpers sing a few songs in an effort to lead some poor outcast away from a life of sin.

The story of Oman is an interesting one. A descendant of German nobility and the son of a wealthy landowner, he had every advantage that wealth could give him in his youth. Private tutors were his and the best of educations, but among other things wealth gave him a taste for strong drink. It made him an outcast in America, and drove him far down the scale of degradation. Possibly an all-wise Providence allowed him that experience in order that he might know how to sympathize with and help other outcasts. At any rate, Ernest Oman was at length reclaimed to a life of sobriety and righteousness, and for seven years he has been trying to help others.

This is the little man who three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, including three times on Sunday, holds services on the street or down in the Salvation Army hall to point the outcast and the wanderer to the better way. But that is not all that Ensign Oman does, by any means. Some mother in a distant city hears that her boy has come wrong in Topeka. She writes Oman to hunt him up and help him—and Oman does it. A poor family is suffering in some hut, but is too proud to ask for aid. Oman or his helpers hunt them up and help them. Some unfortunate wants work but for some reason cannot get work that he can do. Oman helps him find a job.

Many is the noble deed that is done by these Salvation Army workers in helping the poor and unfortunate that other people know nothing about. It is their work.

Just now Ensign Oman is trying to secure funds for the erection of a building in which the Salvation Army may better conduct its work. At present it is paying out a large portion of its meagre support for rent for a bare hall. With a building of its own, it will be able to have a reading room and bath rooms to attract a class that could not be brought to the Y. M. C. A., and it will be able to better conduct its work. This building is to be a memorial to the Salvation Army "angel" of Topeka. It is a worthy cause.

THE JAPANESE TROUBLE.

When the whole truth with regard to the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific coast is discovered, it will probably be found that it originates with certain labor agitators, who are not able to control the Japs, and who are therefore opposed to them. These agitators are chiefly responsible for the attitude of their followers towards the foreigners.

It is quite probable that the Jap has his faults, but he is quite as free from them as his American brother. He is seldom found in police court, and if he ever does get into a quarrel, it is because he is standing up for his rights. He is quick to "catch on" to American ways, and this is one of the grievances against him. The Chinaman keeps himself aloof from the whites and makes no attempt to adopt American customs, but many of the Japanese come here for the express purpose of learning American ways and methods. They are quick to learn, and become skillful workmen. This is one reason the Japanese are against the Japanese. They say the Japs do not "know their place."

It is doubtful if the laboring men themselves would be opposed to the Japanese were it not for the agitators. We are receiving only about 12,000 Japanese immigrants a year, many of whom come here to learn American ways and customs. On the other hand, we are receiving something like 1,200,000 immigrants every year from Europe, or a hundred times as many as from Japan. The Jap is not crowding the laboring man on the Pacific coast, for there is now a call for thousands of men out there more than can be supplied.

The Japanese are an intelligent, industrious, law-abiding class, but they refuse to acknowledge the superiority of every white man who assumes to lord it over them. They do not follow the labor agitators, and therein lies the trouble.

AS TO THE SQUARE DEAL.

There is a disposition in some quarters to blame the "Square Dealers" for the disaster—for such it was in its influence—that overtook the Republican organization—not the party—on Tuesday. With the administration given the country by President Roosevelt to help it out, the Republicans ought to have carried Kansas by 75,000 plurality. Instead the major portion of the ticket averaged about 25,

000 and Governor Hoch was cut down to a scrap.

One of the great causes of this slump on the general ticket was the attitude of some of the party leaders on the railroad issue. The personnel of the candidates themselves, aside from those whose nomination was supposed to have been dictated by the railroads, was not objectionable to the people. Denton and Tully, and Nation, the supreme court justices, and Fairchild, and Barnes, and McNeal, and perhaps others, under ordinary circumstances would have received tremendous majorities. But the attitude of some of the party leaders disgusted the people, and thousands of them bolted the entire ticket.

The Lawrence Journal, a Square Deal paper, asserts that if it had not been for the Square Deal movement the Republican state ticket would have been defeated by 50,000 majority, but that the Square Dealers amended the state platform and thereby saved the party from defeat.

Here are the two extremes—the organization blaming the Square Dealers, and the Square Dealers asserting that it would have been worse had they not saved the party. The organization blames the Square Dealers, and the Square Dealers assert that it would have been worse had they not saved the party. The organization blames the Square Dealers, and the Square Dealers assert that it would have been worse had they not saved the party.

But there were a good many thousands of others who did not line up because of the Square Deal or for any other reason.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

We judge that the Quantrell raid story did some good after all. If it had been for that probably Douglas county would have gone for Harris too.

After looking over the list of those to whom passes may be issued, we judge that there are still a number of people who won't have to walk.

The absence of the usual poultry show in the country newspapers immediately after election is by no means one of the regrettable results of the election.

It is certainly a somewhat unusual spectacle to see a successful candidate cut the crowd.

J. Pierpont Morgan has bought a Bible for \$25,000. This department trusts that Mr. Morgan won't forget to read it.

JAYHAWKER JOIS

Leavenworth had 23 deaths last month, but only 23 births were reported.

It is very natural that the people of industry should be very busy, and that is the report that comes from there.

A baby which recently arrived in Topeka, had its head in a bottle. It is a very unusual case.

An Atchison saloonkeeper did not open his place Tuesday morning until 9 o'clock, and was posted to the sign on the door, "Closed by W. A. Harris."

In addition to standing for Hoch and Harris, Hughes and Hearst, Charles Blakesley observed that the Japs had been working for harmony, burrah, hell, and several other things.

As far as known, the Wellington Journal is the only Kansas paper that felt justified in its attitude toward the Japs Wednesday. It crowed for Harris, but it crowed prematurely.

There is a revolt at Concordia. The Blade says the price of beer has been advanced one of the local joints to a bottle, when "the boys" have been used to getting it for a quarter.

An Atchison woman says the Globe was right in its article that, but owing to the indifference of her family she can't always get up a game. Recently she was one of three women in a parlor, and not a fourth person in sight.

There was a knock at the door, and a peddler stood there. "Let me show you some soap, Madame," he said, but he didn't get another word from the woman of the house had jerked him in by the neck, yanked him into a chair at a cab stand before he could get his breath. "We always have hearts trumps," she gasped, "and it is your deal." And the peddler moved to the door and left.

Then one of the women had to go home to take care of her baby and that broke up the game. The negro accused of stealing \$25 from a Mexican, and beating him when he tried to recover it, was released to the police.

Officer Johnson Turner was escorting her to the county jail to await a police court trial which had been set for this afternoon at 9 o'clock. He ordered that she hadn't exactly robbed the Mexican, but had won the money from him playing "coon-can."

A new fangled game designed to separate a guileful medicine from their hardy-wrought earnings. Dusky Miss Jones, by searching her apparel, located a bundle of bills which she passed to the Mexican, and he took the money. The Mexican wasn't much hurt in the rough and tumble and has got all his money back. Miss Jones will probably see prosecution, if she goes somewhere else to play "coon-can."

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] Uneasy lies the head that rests on its block.

Fate is the scapegoat on which we blame our shortcomings. It doesn't take a college education to make the point of some fellows.

Should the Society for the Suppression of Vice have a vice president? Small talk has been known to develop into some pretty big scandals.

Diplomacy is the graceful art of making other people feel that they know more than you do.

Married men who say she wouldn't marry a foreign nobleman for love or money are a lot of fools.

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KANSAS COMMENT

LESSON OF THE ELECTION.

The Republican party of Kansas has tried the experiment of letting the public sentiment, and the result has been disastrous, to say the least. So many of the party leaders have been made in the state campaign, that the party has been unable to enumerate them all would be tiresome. It is sufficient to say that for some years at least a chairman of the state convention was not elected because he was especially obnoxious to a large portion of the party; a candidate for governor was not nominated because he was not liked by a large portion of the party; and the control of a state convention handed over to the railroads and their friends.

The blunders of this year were the most needless in the history of the party. No organization could have evoked the aroused sentiment of the people and if the party fails to learn its lesson and learn it well it will be put out of business in Kansas for some years to come. It must respond to the will of the people, and must stand for Theodore Roosevelt in fact, as well as in mouth service. The perfumery support given to his party, which is backed by an almost united public opinion, must cease and Kansas insists that its representatives line up.

But on thing must be done, the election of a United States senator by the next legislature. Of the several candidates Congressman Charles Curtis occupies an unusual position. He is strong in the state senate where the railroads are strong. He is strong in the lower house where the railroads are strong. He is strong in the state senate where the railroads are strong. He is strong in the lower house where the railroads are strong.

It passes to be courteous. A canoe trip down the Fish river to St. John, down the St. John to the carry connecting Long Lake and the others in the chain. Mud, grass, and a little rain, and the trip was like a barren result. The second day out upon this trip we came up to a sportsman and his guide making some pairs have in sight. When within half a mile, paddling up to them I said to the gentleman:

"How do you do, sir?" "How do?" "I said, 'This is a warm day, sir.'"

He replied, "I know it."

I whispered to my guide that I thought we would not camp near him, and if we had to drink river water, so we pushed on.

A few days later at Cross Lake, while preparing to break camp, the man who had been in sight, when within halting distance the gentleman, in a most cordial tone of voice, said:

"Why, how do you do?" "How do you do?" "I said, 'Got any tobacco?'"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Will you give me a little?"

I said, "Come, now. I know why you say that: it's because I was a little grumpy with you the other day when you met me; but I am heartily ashamed of it, and I am sorry to have troubled you."

"Come in to breakfast," I said. "I have plenty of tobacco, and a man who has been so humbly as that may have all he wants."

It doesn't pay to be discourteous, even in the woods. The man's crankiness was the result of old irascibility, which carried the United States mail through the woods twice a week. He was an ill-humored, taciturn old fellow. One day a passenger rode with him, and he was somewhat talkative and filled him with questions. At last the old man said, "I'm tired of your talk. I wish you'd mind your own business and let me get on with my work."

After driving an hour or two in silence I discovered his mail-bag was missing. I stopped the horse and asked him about the buckboard, and finally said to his passenger:

"I wonder what has become of that mail-bag. Have you seen it?"

"Where is it?" asked Ira.

"It fell off the wagon about an hour ago."

You see, he bettered the instruction. Since then, they say, Ira has been more companionable.—William Hickok in "Angling by Guide-Book," in the Outlook Magazine.

FROM OTHER PENS

THE TRUSTS' NURSE.

Not the tariff, but the railroad rebate, is the motive force of the trusts. It is the motive force of the trusts. It is the motive force of the trusts. It is the motive force of the trusts.

Mr. H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, who is now playing in this country, was not educated primarily for the stage. Indeed, his case seems one of insistent hereditary influence. Studying for the profession of barrister, while he was still in college he was called to the bar. An amusing story is told of one of his earlier interpretations of the difficult role of Hamlet, a role, he said, in which he has since achieved a reputation of artistic success.

On this particular and early occasion, however, Sir Henry was "out in front" and after the performance never let his son, crowded about him for an expression of opinion.

"What do you think of Smith as Hamlet?" asked one.

"Good, very good," murmured Sir Henry, in his quiet, kindly way.

"And Miss Blank as Ophelia?"

"Very good," again murmured Sir Henry.

"And Jones as the King?"

"Good, very good," repeated Sir Henry.

"And Thomas as Horatio?"

"Good, very good," came the answer. So the entire cast was gone through and the verdict was a princely character, and each received the same praise, neat criticism, "good, very good." Then there was a slight pause. The actor who had been waiting eagerly and anxiously for his father's opinion about his acting, managed to speak up enough to say, "But father, what do you think of the rest of the cast?"

Sir Henry looked blandly at his son and then remarked, "Are you sure you want to be an actor, my son?"

—The Bohemian Magazine.

The Genius in New York.

What ability or skill the Great Man of the protest brought with him to the metropolis may be only the foundation for real work. There will surely be extensive revising of local and methods. The title of the work was arrived in town with a completed epic. This found no acceptance; so after cursing the stupidity of the public and the publishers, he took to "Sunday stuff." Soon the matter of fact attitude of the workers around him, with the practical view of the market, the acquired had been at a literary value of the work he had done in the sentimental atmosphere of his native place. Presently a commission was made to him, and he cut his epic into short lengths, tucked a squib on each fragment, and eventually succeeded in printing it all as humor at a price which was larger than the historic one brought by "Paradise Lost."

Another newcomer brought unsalable plays and high notions of the anxiety of the actors. Three months after his arrival he was delighted to get a commission to write the handbook of a theatrical publisher, proposed to see him, and he was sent the metropolis.

The commission brought not only a fair payment for the manuscript; on delivery he involved a vital secondary consideration. The title of the work was "Where to Eat in New York," and its preparation made it necessary for the author to dine each evening for a month in a different cafe at the proprietors' expense.—J. H. Collins, in the Atlantic.

THE HEROIC MANICURE.

Fair Olga was a manicure.

Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

In fact, the loftiest elite. From both sides of the Volga. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

But Olga was a nihilist. As well became her station. She often shook her tiny fist in it. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

"How can I punish those who've sought To have our rights abolished. She said when to a grand duke she brought. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

His fingers to be polished. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

Fair Olga laughed in grim delight—The kind in which hair fingers—Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

Upon the dual fingers. "It is a pleasant thing, you see." Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

It looked, it smelt, cosmetically. And innocent, but—gracious! Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

"Twas powdered dynamite—oh, hush! At least, so chemists dubbed it. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

And I broke a little brush. And vigorously rubbed it. What happened next I can't explain. Fair Olga was a manicure. Within a Russian city: She was exceedingly demure.

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